01/11

from Tournesol

stage right:

WAR OR RESISTENCE!

and the soul in tatters, what does he do?

with his posthumous fever, his posthumous thighs, his posthumous foot christened by the everlasting cartridge of night,

later on, when the family sits down to wait for a man who has already been shot,

stage right:

NO PURE BEGINNINGS! AND SO ON

the aficionados, the ones with the solid alibis on both the left and the right of the moral rectum caressing this parallel son

HOSANNA

face with tears of joy loudly crying face? red heart two hearts face with heart eyes? waffle? oyster? LIKE THE WAR TO NOURISH YOU?

HAVE
TO
FEED
IT
SOMETHING
TOO!

Oh!
insolent
turd
competing
for the latrines
of yesterday—
all
night
long
upon the public shoulders
of the infinitesimal
inside

and yesterday even now the streetlamps are lit with the destiny of the definitive: doors windows
foreheads
stars . . .
the newborn tongue
which struggles with its mortal
advances against the
exterminating
alphabet in the unvitiated
asylum of the moon's
pickpocket—

why

even a bear etc. through the tears and fur in the trellised girders of the double rainbow . . . all
that
is
swift and
living
in the meantime
taking shape
with obvious
poverty there
being no
good and evil
only
a chain
which rattles
and resounds

in us as bells

Born in Shanghai, China, Lynn Xu is the author of Debts & Lessons and And Those Ashen Heaps That Cantilevered Vase of Moonlight (forthcoming), and the co-translator of Pee Poems by Lao Yang (also forthcoming). She has performed multidisciplinary works at 300 South Kelly Street, the Guggenheim Museum, the Renaissance Society, and Rising Tide Projects. She teaches at Columbia University, coedits Canarium Books, and lives with her family in New York City and West Texas.